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THE CHURCH RECORD.

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Historical.

From the Lambeth Manuscripts.

AN ACCOUNT of the Colonies and Provinces of New-England in general, more particularly of Massachusetts.

(CONCLUDED.)

But having promised an account of the country, I shall write what I best know of the religion thereof, because it is a large topic of their discourse—that which makes the great noise among the people.

The first settlers were a serious, good sort of people, who had the fear of God before their eyes and firm assurance of his providence, otherwise they had never undertaken that hazardous design. I cannot say what persuasion they were of, but this I know, they styled themselves children of the Church of England, and counted it their glory to be called after her name, and at their departure from England, in all humble duty, they desired the prayers of the Bishop of London and his clergy for them, who came out of their own bosoms, and who should continually offer up their prayers to the throne of grace for the prosperity of the Church, all which, with a great deal more to the same effect, was written in a letter sent to the Bishop of London from on board the Arabella, and subscribed by the governor, magistrates, and ministers.

I wish their posterity had imitated their charity and followed their religion. The worship then of the established church would not be decried as heathenish, Jewish, superstitious, and Popish, and her members misrepresented for papists; the church lately erected there for the exercise of the established religion, would not have been used as it was at the late insurrection; the church windows would not have been broken in pieces, and the whole fabric threatened to be pulled down to the ground.

They had not been long in the new world before all sorts of people flocked unto them, of as different principles as places, which caused no small trouble to the inhabitants—for one was for this model, another for that platform. So that the people were likely to be scattered and destroyed by religion, which should have united and preserved them.

It was therefore thought necessary, something should be established, that they might not always be a confused Babel; whereupon, as the Jews when they cast off the true God, and would have other gods to go before them, had at length a calf come forth of the fire to be their god: so when the people would leave the religion of their fathers, and set up a new religion among them, after much strife and contention came forth Independency, which hath indeed a show of much purity and holiness, but hath in it that which is highly superstitious, as Mr. Willard, one of their own, declared in a public convocation, and as another non-conformist long since termed it, paganizing Independency; for three-fourths of the country never participate of the Lord's Supper, and if any should beg it as for the salvation of his soul, yet he could not obtain his request without coming up to their terms, and telling stories of the time of his conversion, and when the work of grace was wrought on his heart. Even in the space of little more than one generation, nearly one half of the people are unbaptized, and let parents do what they can, give never so good account of their faith, and live never so uprightly towards God, and towards man, yet their children shall not be admitted to baptism, unless one of the parents be of their communion, and promises to walk after the church covenant. So that in a few ages, by their independent practice, paganism will a second time overspread the land, and there will be as much need of Evangelizing the English, as there is now of the Indians.

This overtopping persuasion would have none to grow under it, if continual dropping could prevent it, yet its natural issue, Anabaptism, sprouts out amain. However, though so nearly related, the Independents have treated the Anabaptists very unkindly—fined them for not coming to the Independent assemblies, nailed up the doors of their meeting houses, and turned them adrift in the streets.

Besides these, there is another sect arrived to greater perfection, who are for none but King Jesus. They are not many in number, but upon all occurrences ready to advance the sceptre, and set up their kingdom.

As also there are others, who are got to the very top of all perfection, but by the men of the world are called Quakers, who have suffered very grievous things from their domineering brethren. And if sufferings be a true mark of the church, these are the best Christians in the colony.

So that that is most true, which my Lord of Salisbury hath in his sermon: every party cries out for liberty and toleration, till they get to be uppermost, and then will allow none. Witness those of New-England, where they have sufficiently proved the truth of the doctrine, and have showed their tenderness to dissenters in the plainest manner, by their acting such cruelties, which are hardly to be paralleled in heathen persecutions.

For which, and many other gross enormities, after a *scire facias*, issued out of the high court of chancery, and timely notice given for appearance, (but they well knowing their own guiltiness, never took care that any should appear and defend the suit, but sent their agents with a power to lavish out four or five thousand pounds to corrupt justice,) judgment was entered against them, and the then king, Charles 2d, rescinded their charter grant, that their hands might be tied up from persecuting their brethren and doing more mischief.

Whereupon a great cry was made, that the witnesses were slain; but they are revived, as all that differ in opinion from them will sadly feel, if ever they have power to exercise their cruelty again. Therefore, all who love peace and moderation ought earnestly to pray their Majesties, that they may be sheltered from the hands of such unreasonable men by keeping the colony under their immediate government, otherwise there will be a kind of second inquisition set up in the land, and many of his Majesty's good subjects must prepare their estates for fines, their backs for the whip, and their necks for the halter.

All sober and unbiassed men are for the laws and government of England, that justice may be impartially administered, and not have the old way come in fashion again of judging the men, more than their causes. Only the preachers and their bigots, who have long lorded it over the people and reigned as kings, can hardly brook the mildest government, and care for no laws, but such as are enacted by themselves, as is plain from the case of Sir Edmund Andros, who came over in the year 1686 and took on him the government of the country, wherein he carried himself courteously, affably and obligingly, gave to all an excellent pattern of sobriety and temperance, made the laws of England the standard of his power, and in all things performed the duty of a good governor; but because he would not let the preachers have their wills in all things, and follow their directions in every matter, therefore they raised false accusations against him, envied his greatness, lessened his actions, and misrepresented his government to the people as illegal and arbitrary: and not contented herewith, hither come the heads of the party, and charge him with injustice, oppresssion and violence; make addresses to King James, promising to do whatsoever he would have them, and to be instrumental to pull down the fence against popery and repeal the laws; particularly, they courted William Penn, and made their humble applications to Father Peters to have the governor recalled, and their old charter restored. But when all those accursed methods proved ineffectual, what the Quaker could not do, and what the

Popish priest would not, impatient of any further delays, they barbarously attempted themselves, and on the 18th of April, in a most savage manner wrested the government out of Sir Edmund's hands, made him and all others of the Church of England by law established, prisoners, who were in any office, civil or military: committing him and some other gentlemen to the fort, others to the castle, and more to the common jail.

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A PARTICULAR ACCOUNT of the late Revolution at Boston, in the Colony and Province of Massachusetts. (Author unknown.)

This revolution making a great noise in the world, and being variously reported, I shall, with all sincerity, endeavor to give a brief account thereof.

Who would have thought, that in a land of righteousness (as Massachusetts would be accounted) men should work wickedness, and that professors of the greatest sanctity should have any thing to do with plots and conspiracies; yet alas! this evil design I must lay at the doors of the preachers and their adherents; and it is too notorious, that some who had sworn to maintain the government, and discover all plots and conspiracies against the same, ought to be reckoned among the principal conspirators. For this was not a sudden heat, or violent passion of the rabble, but a long contrived piece of wickedness. A great while travailed they in mischief, ere that detestable monster came forth.

Some few strugglings it made in January, but two things prevented the birth. The first was the governor's longer stay to the eastward than they expected, to prevent the incursions of the Indians, and reduce them to their former obedience. Whilst we in the sharpest season of winter were endeavoring their safety and preservation, they in Boston were contriving the subversion of the government and the ruin of the governor, and with his, the ruin of the best part of the colony. The other was this. The people were not fitted for the faction. In order, therefore, to prepare their minds, and draw the ignorant multitude after them, they scattered abroad many foolish and nonsensical stories, and pretended wonderful discoveries of horrid plots against the country; libels also were carried up and down against the government and those in authority. How the governor had confederated with the freemen, Moques and other Indians to destroy the colony and cut off the people. For the confirmation of this, a report was spread abroad of an Indian, whose heart smote him, (as the phrase was,) and who confessed the design, and for his part he would not join in it. The English had done him no hurt, neither would he do them any mischief. With these and the like false stories the country was miserably distracted; and when any came to town, some secretly told them the same things, and others shook their heads, and made ugly faces, whereby they concluded all to be true, which was reported among them. So that it was but sounding a trumpet or beating a drum, and the majority of the people were ready to rise against the governor, who, as they were made to believe, was the great enemy of the country.

And that there might be a universal hatred against him, it was whispered about, that the governor had drawn all the youth of the country to the eastward, on purpose to destroy them; that all the rum they drank was poisoned; and when any were sick, commanded his doctor to despatch them; that the Indian war was but a sham, for he designed no evil to the Indians, but the destruction of the country; that he admitted the squaws daily to him, or else he went out and lodged with them; that no soldier durst kill an Indian, because the governor had given positive orders to the contrary.

Whereas never could man do more to reduce the Indians to obedience, or show greater kindness to the soldiers; this all publicly declared at their return—that he was a father unto them, and took care that they had what was necessary and convenient for them in their sickness, visited them in their marches, went to every march, tent or lodging, and if he found them uncovered, would cover them, if he found them sleeping with their knee-strings bound, would untie them himself; that all the time he was among them, he never spared any labor or pains, but in all things behaved himself among them like a tender father in his family.

His prudence against the enemy was admirable, for he so covered the country that the Indians were not able to do any considerable mischief to the inhabitants; likewise he blockaded all the rivers, whereby the Indians were prevented from fishing and hunting. Besides all this, he routed them out of their forts and strong-holds, whither they concluded the English could never come, took from them their stores, many bushels of Indian corn, their powder, some pistols and musket barrels, and about thirty of their cannons, whereby they were reduced to very great poverty, and forced to the use of their bows and arrows again; so that in a little time they must have tendered themselves to his mercy, or else have perished for lack of bread and provisions, for the French, if they had the will, yet were not in a possibility to relieve their urgent necessities, being plundered of all their stores by the privateers, and as necessitous as the Indians. So that in all probability, that troublesome war was drawing near to a fair conclusion.

But in this juncture some of the Bostoners, understanding the wants of the enemy, and knowing how to make their advantage of such a time, when, for goods and provisions they could make what returns pleased them best, loaded vessels with ammunition and provisions, cleared them for the Bermudas and other parts, but sent them to the eastward among the French and Indians, and supplied them with all such things as they wanted, whereby they put weapons in the enemy's hand to destroy hundreds of the King's subjects, and lay the whole country desolate.

There are men now in town, that can name some of the Bostoners, who were so damnably treacherous and wicked, yet are reputed great patriots of the country, and restorers of English liberties and privileges.

The tales and scandalous stories answered the end for which they were invented, and highly enraged the minds of the people against the governor, insomuch that on his return, they were so far from welcoming him home for his good services, that they were rather for tearing him in pieces.

However, lest the design should be abortive, the heads of the faction thought it necessary to conceal their mischief, before they had made trial how ready the people would be for their service when called to action.

In order to this, a false alarm was made in the town, that a body of Indians was at Spiepond, three miles distant from Boston; therefore, what should they do? All to arms, without acquainting the governor, colonel, or captain; but presently tidings came that there were only six poor Indians a fishing, and there was no danger at all. Whereupon all was hushed, and every one retired to his own house. This gave the heads of the conspiracy a perfect demonstration of the forwardness of the people.

Hitherto the accursed embryo moved only in the womb; that it might exceed all other monsters, it was thought advisable that it should have not only claws, and teeth, and bristles, but also come into the world speaking malicious words, notorious lies, and reproachful slanders, which could not be in a more taking manner than by way of a Declaration, which cost much time and no less pains ere it could be adapted in any tolerable manner for the mouth of the speaker.

At length comes the 18th of April, the fatal day wherein the monster was brought forth, and if ever any of that kind forebode evils and calamities, this portended no less than war, fire, surprise, murder, ruin, and devastation of the country.

Many hands were ready for the midwifery, as always the multitude is prone to do mischief.

About nine in the morning, Green, or a ship carpenter, with some others of the same profession, basely and cowardly seized Captain George, commander of the Rose frigate, just as he came on shore about some matters relating to the ship, which immediately alarmed the whole town. The sheriff hearing the tumult, went to appease the multitude, whom they forthwith secured. From him they go to the major of the regiment and demanded his colors and drums, who checked their insolence, and they threatened to shoot him down, and forcing themselves into his house, obtained at length their demands, and confined him prisoner, setting guards before the doors. By this time numbers were gathered together and formed themselves into companies, which were commanded by Nelson, Waterhouse, Foster and others. About ten, they were come to the middle of the town, where they seized Justice Bullicant, Justice Foxcraft, Captain Ravenscraft, and after some time forced themselves into Captain White's house, whom also they apprehended and with the former conveyed to the prison doors, which they found shut, and the gaoler would by no means give them admission. Whereupon they forced open the doors, set at liberty those who were in upon execution for debt, and also a crew of privateers who were imprisoned for piracy, and murder, and made a new keeper, committed those gentlemen with many others to his charge, and that they might be in safe custody, set a guard of musqueteers to prevent all escapes. By eleven, having secured most of the Church of England (who were the only persons sought for) except some few, who were gone to the governor in the fort, they went to the council house, and there read the false and slanderous declaration, which has been contradicted in every paper since published, and backed that with a proclamation, that every man should appear in arms, on the greatest penalty. Some they forced to go with them, others they left to this choice: either to bear arms or go to gaol. Many for fear bore arms, which detested the action—those who would not join with them were sent to the prison.

About two in the afternoon, the chiefs of the conspiracy (prevailing with some easy and good natured persons to subscribe their names for company) sent a summons to the governor in the style of Kings, *ourselves*, telling lies in hypocrisy, that they knew nothing of the people's taking to arms, which was a perfect contradiction to the declaration and the knowledge of the leading men of the faction, for Dr. Wintrope, whom all along they confided in and designed for their general, had been with the conspirators of the Northend,

very early that morning, to whom the intentions of the people were very well known ; but when the uproar was made, and they came to his house requesting him to be their commander and lead them, with abundance of modesty and no less hypocrisy, refused the offer. But at length pretending he was wearied with their importunities and to do the governor a signal kindness, he condescended to accept of the office, and walked before them.

In like manner, Shrimpton showed himself Shrimpton; when the government sent for him in the beginning of the tumult, the good man was not at home, but gone over to his Island, yet all the while was within the walls of his house, had true intelligence how the number increased, and when they entered the town house, was pleased very boldly to appear among them and make one of their council.

The governor having received the summons from the conspirators, consulted these gentlemen that were with him (who saw the miserable circumstances they were in, for by this time the rabble, headed by their new captains, had drawn themselves round the fort,) it was thought advisable to overlook all the others and regard only the names of the councillors, who were appointed that very day to meet his excellency the governor at the town hall, so that the answer was to this effect: seeing the gentlemen of the council were assembled, the governor would meet them according to appointment.

Pursuant to which, leaving the command of the fort with Captain Tressey, the governor attended by Mr. Randolph, Mr. Palmer, Mr. West, Mr. Graham, and Mr. Lydeat, goes to the town house. At the door the governor was received into custody by Captain Townsend, who very officiously led him up to the council chamber, forbidding the other gentlemen to attend him any farther. The governor was no sooner entered, but he was smartly checked and reprimanded by some of his own council; and whilst he was despitefully treated above, the gentlemen below, who came with him, had their swords taken from them and were made the sport of the multitude. At length they were also commanded up to be the objects of the council's rage and fury. Shrimpton abused Mr. Graham and Mr. West in the grossest manner, and all their mouths were opened against Mr. Randolph for being so instrumental in condemning their charter and making West his deputy, who answered it was not he but they themselves, that destroyed the charter, for he only told what they acted. As to the disposal of his office they ought not to be angry thereat, for none was a loser but himself.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Topics of the Times.

MORMONISM.

FROM "the Yankee Nation," we cut the following article on one of the most absurd quackeries of the present day. No satire from the pen of Butler or Swift could more effectually expose the ridiculous pretensions of this sect, at once the most illiterate and most presumptuous of the age, than the publications issued by themselves, and the sermons or addresses from their own pulpits.

MODERN MIRACLES—THE VAGARIES OF MORMONISM — AND MAGNIFICENT MILITARY TITLES.

It is well known that the Mormons have formed their principal settlement in Hancock county, Ill., and formed a kind of "City of Refuge," which they call Nauvoo. This city as yet probably has more *stakes* than houses, as is the case with all the paper cities of the west ; but still it seems that there are inhabitants enough to keep up a show of municipal regulation. A newspaper devoted to Mormonism is also printed there, called "The Times and Seasons," and it is a curiosity ! We received a copy a day or two since, with a request to exchange, and have been not a little amused with looking over its vagaries—the nature of which may be deduced from the following article :

BATAVIA, N. Y., May 19, 1841.

To the Saints scattered abroad, and to all whom it may concern :

GREETING.

Be it known, that on or about the first day of December last, we, J. Shamp and Margaret Shamp, of the town of Batavia, Genesee County, N. Y., had a daughter that had been deaf and dumb four and a half years, and was restored to her hearing the time aforesaid, by the laying on of the hands of the elders of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, commonly called Mormons, through the power of Almighty God, and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, as believed and practiced by them in these last days.

The circumstances attending her restoration were these. It was asked, as a sign in a meeting of the Latter Day Saints by an Elder of the Baptist Church of the name of Stimson, in an insolent manner, and he said if they would heal the child he would be a Mormon, and he would guarantee that the whole congregation would be Mormons too. When the sign was asked, it was manifest to me by the spirit of God, that if I would believe and obey the fullness of the gospel, it should be done. Soon after we had obeyed the gospel, Elders Nathan R. Knight and Charles Thompson came to our house, and they administered to her by the laying on of hands, and she was restored to her hearing, and now she both hears and speaks, and is improving very fast in talking ; for which we feel to thank God for the blessings and power of the gospel as manifest in my family at three different instances, and in a number of instances in our neighborhood. Those affected with numbness have been restored—a severe sore on the ancle that medicine had no effect upon, was healed by the laying on of hands. Another case in our vicinity of a disease in the chest—a severe case indeed, and given over by the physicians, and the night previous to the lady having hands laid on her by the Elders, her friends thought she would not survive until morning—she was immediately restored by the laying on of hands and faith in Jesus Christ.

We had a child attacked with the inflammation of the lungs, for which we applied to medical aid, but it got no relief ; then we called upon Elder Knight and he laid hands on her in the name of Jesus Christ, and she was instantly healed, and in fifteen minutes appeared as well as ever she did.

My wife had a swelling in her side internally, of two years standing, to relieve which medical aid had been sought for and tried, but in vain. It had become very alarming, so that she was unable to do much, and we had given up all hopes of her recovery ; but to our great joy she was restored immediately, by the miraculous power of God, to the glory and honor of his name. Brethren, let us take courage, notwithstanding that persecutions and afflictions await us, and we are doomed to be cast out and set at naught by the sects of the day ; and to have the finger of scorn and derision pointed at us, and to have all manner of evil spoken against us falsely for Christ's sake. Let us keep humble, knowing that God exalteth the humble but bringeth to naught the proud and scornful. Our Savior said, "He that believeth on me, greater works than these shall he do," speaking of the miracles he had done at a certain time ; and truly we are witnessing daily his mighty power by the signs which he said should follow his believing children.

And now we would recommend brother Knight to the confidence and fellowship of the brethren wheresoever his lot may be cast, for God owns and has blessed his labors in this vicinity to the convincing of many and to the upbuilding of the Redeemer's kingdom, and the advancing of his cause, notwithstanding wicked men and devils oppose and strive to hinder the work from advancing, as we are witnesses, and subscribe our hands in testimony of the truths of the everlasting gospel as taught and believed by the Latter Day Saints.

J. SHAMP,
M. SHAMP.

The paper aforesaid, "The Times and Seasons," is clothed in mourning on account of the death of one of the editors, *General* Don Carlos Smith. In this connection, the following general orders are published :

GENERAL ORDERS.

Head-Quarters, Nauvoo Legion,
City of Nauvoo, Aug. 10, A. D. 1841.

It becomes our painful duty to officially notify the troops of our command of the untimely decease of that noble chief Brigadier General DON CARLOS SMITH—he fell, but not in battle, he perished, but not by the weapons of war—at his burial you paid him honor, but he is gathered to his fathers to receive greater honor.

In consequence of this afflictive dispensation of Divine Providence, the commissioned officers of the staff and line will wear crape on the left arm for thirty days.

The commissioned officers of the 2d Cohort will convene at General Smith's office, on Saturday, the 4th day of September, proximo, at 10 o'clock, A. M., for the purpose of electing a Brigadier General; at which time and place the Court of Appeals will sit.

The Legion will assemble at the usual place of rendezvous, in the city of Nauvoo, on Saturday, the 11th day of September, proximo, at 10 o'clock, A. M., for the purpose of general parade—the militia officers of the county of Hancock, Illinois; and the county of Lee, Iowa, are respectfully invited to attend.

A special Court Martial will convene at the usual place, on Saturday, the 28th day of August, at 10 o'clock, A. M., for the transaction of business. JOSEPH SMITH, Lt. General.

JOHN C. BENNETT, Maj. General.

So it seems that Joe Smith is a *Lieutenant General*—as big a man as Gen. Burgoyne, who got in a bad way at Saratoga, or Gen. Sir Edward Packenham, who commanded the British troops at New Orleans. But these grandiloquent military titles are of little account when compared with the following *literary* announcement :

University of the City of Nauvoo, Ill.,
Aug. 10th, A. D. 1841.

The Regents of the University of the city of Nauvoo will convene at the office of Gen. Joseph Smith, on Saturday, the 4th of September, proximo, at half past 10 o'clock, A. M., for the transaction of important business. Punctual attendance is requested.

The Department of English Literature is now in successful operation under the supervision of

Professor Orson Pratt—a gentleman of varied knowledge and extensive acquirements, who is admirably qualified for the full execution of the high trust reposed in him, as an able and accomplished teacher.

In this department a general course of Mathematics, including Arithmetic, Algebra, Geometry, Conic Sections, Plane Trigonometry, Mensuration, Surveying, Navigation, Analytical, Plane and Spherical Trigonometry, Analytical Geometry, and the Differential and Integral Calculus;—Philosophy ;—Astronomy ;—Chemistry ;—etc., etc., will be extensively taught.

Tuition—Five Dollars per quarter, payable semi-quarterly, in advance.

JOHN C. BENNETT, Chancellor.

WILLIAM LAW, Registrar.

Now the joke of the matter is, that this "Professor Orson Pratt," who professes such "varied knowledge," has not even a common school education, and cannot spell his own name twice in the same way, if it were to save his neck from the gallows! Oh, the beauties of affected learning!

A VISIT TO MOUNT VERNON.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 4, 1841.

A steamboat passage of six miles to Alexandria, and a drive of nine miles farther in the same southern direction, over a wretched road through a thin soiled, wood covered country, brought us, in a little less than three hours from this city to Mount Vernon. The estate is completely isolated from all other cultivation, on the east by the broad magnificent Potomac, which sweeps partly around it in a south-east, and then southerly direction; on the west and south-west, by a broken tract of half-grown forest, through which a brooklet has worn a deep and wide gorge on its way to the river. The cultivated portion of the estate stretches mainly north and north-west from the mansion, a plain and modest white house of goodly size, which stands near the bank of the Potomac, fronting westerly upon the garden and grounds of the estate, around which half a dozen humbler dwellings, tenanted by families of black laborers and servants, are scattered with little regard to order or symmetry. The estate is now the possession and residence of Mrs. John A. Washington, widow of a nephew of Judge Bushrod Washington, himself the nephew of Gen. George Washington: so swiftly do the generations of men follow each other in their solemn march to the tomb!

The original resting-place of the Father of his Country, and the old family sepulchre, is south of the mansion, immediately on the bank of the Potomac, though a steep and woody descent of several hundred feet intervenes between it and the water. This sepulchre is a mere excavation in the earth, walled over in the rudest manner, and looking far more at its entrance like a hop-kiln or out-door cellar than a place of rest for the illustrious departed. But this cemetery is now deserted, and of course dilapidated. A new and more fitting mausoleum of brick was constructed in 1837, south of the garden, and some two or three hundred yards south-west of the former, in which the remains of the Washington family are now deposited. It is built on ground sloping to the south, and the family cemetery is excavated in the hill-side, and is entered by an iron door; but in front of this, under the neat and appropriate brick structure itself, separated from the outer world only by a strong iron railing, rest side by side in two marble sarcophagi, the ashes of George and Martha Washington. These marble enclosures are well executed, though simple, and I believe were presented by Mr. T. Struthers, a Philadelphia artist, as a token of affectionate reverence and admiration for the memory of the departed. The inscription upon the top of each merely states the name, age, and time of the decease of each respectively; the death of Mrs. Washington having occurred in 1801, two years after that of her revered consort; and as her age is stated at 71 years, while he did not reach 68, she must have been nearly two years his senior. There is another inscription on the foot of Washington's sarcophagus, but I was not near enough to read it.

After musing an hour by the sepulchre, we were conducted through the garden by a communicative black man, who rejoices in the appellation of Bill Smith, and who has been forty years on the estate, having come there with Bushrod Washington soon after the decease of the Ex-President. The garden is rich in rare and valuable plants, among them are many planted by the hand of Washington. Peaches, pears, lemons, oranges, are thickly surrounded by the aloe, myrtle, rose, geranium, etc., as well as plants whose unfamiliar names escape me. The burning of an adjoining building a few years since destroyed some of them; but the garden is probably little changed since its world-renowned master stood in its midst, save in the greater profusion of its contents. Long may it continue to people the mind of the visiter with images of the past, and fitly blend its fragrance with the memory of Washington!

Slowly, pensively we turned our faces from the rest of the mighty dead to the turmoil of the restless living—from the solemn, sublime repose of Mount Vernon to the ceaseless intrigues, the petty strifes, the ant-hill bustle of the Federal City. Each has its own atmosphere; London and Mecca are not so unlike as they. The silent, enshrouding woods, the gleaming, majestic river, the bright, benignant sky—it is fitly here amid the scenes he loved and hallowed, that the man whose life and character have redeemed patriotism and liberty from the reproach which centuries of designing knavery and hollow profession had cast upon them, now calmly awaits the trump of the Archangel. Who does not rejoice that the original design of removing his ashes to this city has never been consummated—that they lie where the pilgrim may reverently approach them unvexed by the light laugh of the time-killing worldling, unannoyed by the vain or vile scribblings of the thoughtless or the base? Thus may they repose for ever! that the heart of the patriot may be invigorated, the hopes of the philanthropist strengthened and his aims exalted, the pulse of the American quickened, and his aspirations purified by a visit to Mount Vernon!—*New Yorker.*

Practical Christianity.

MORALITY WITHOUT DEVOTION, DEFECTIVE.

WITH many virtue is, or at least is pretended to be, a respectable and an honored name, while piety sounds meanly in their ears. They are men of the world, and they claim to be men of honor. They rest upon their humanity, their public spirit, their probity, and their truth; they arrogate to themselves all the manly and the active virtues. But devout affections, and religious duties, they treat with contempt, as founded on shadowy speculations, and fit to employ the attention only of weak and superstitious minds. Now, in opposition to such persons, I contend that this neglect of piety argues depravity of heart; and that it infers an irregular discharge of the duties of morality.

First, it argues internal depravity; for it discovers a cold and a hard heart. If there be any impression which man is formed by nature to receive, it is a sense of religion. As soon as his mind opens to observation and reflection, he discerns innumerable marks of his dependent state. He finds himself placed by some superior power in a vast world, where the wisdom and goodness of the Creator are conspicuous on every side. The magnificence, the beauty, and order of nature, excite him to admire and adore. When he looks up to that Omnipotent hand which operates throughout the universe, he is impressed with reverence. When he receives blessings which he cannot avoid ascribing to Divine Goodness, he is prompted to gratitude. The expressions of those affections, under the various forms of religious worship, are no other than the native effusions of the human heart. Ignorance may mislead, and superstition may corrupt them; but their origin is derived from sentiments that are essential to man.

Cast your eyes over the whole earth. Explore the most remote quarters of the east or the west. You may discover tribes of men without policy, or laws, or cities, or any of the arts of life; but no where will you find them without some form of religion. In every region you behold the prostrate worshipper, the temple, the altar, and the offering. Wherever men have existed, they have been sensible that some acknowledgment was due on their part to the sovereign of the world. If in their rudest and most ignorant state this obligation has been felt, what additional force must it acquire by the improvements of human knowledge, but especially by the great discoveries of the Christian revelation! Whatever, either from reverence or from gratitude, can excite men to the worship of God, is by this revelation placed in such a light as one should think were sufficient to overawe the most thoughtless, and to melt the most obdurate mind.

Canst thou, then, pretend to be a man of reason, nay, a man of virtue, and yet continue regardless of the first and chief dictates of human nature? Where is thy sensibility to what is right and fit, if that loud voice which calls all nations throughout the earth to religious homage has never been heard by thee? or if it has been heard, by what strange and false refinements hast thou stifled those natural sentiments which it tends to awaken? Can it be consistent with true virtue or honor to value thyself upon thy regard to inferior obligations, and yet to violate that which is the most sacred and ancient of all? When simple instinct teaches the Tartar and the Indian, together with his alms and good works, to join his prayers to that Power whom he considers as the source of good, shall it be no reproach in the most enlightened state of human nature, and under the purest dispensation of religion, to have extinguished the sense of gratitude to heaven, and to slight all acknowledgement of the great and the true God? What does such conduct imply, but either an entire want, or a wilful suppression of some of the best and most generous affections belonging to human nature? Surely there must be an essential defect in that heart which remains cold and insensible where it ought to be affected most warmly. Surely such a degree of depravity must be lodged there as is sufficient to taint all the other springs of pretended virtue.

But besides this, I must contend, that where religion is neglected, there can be no regular nor

steady practice of the duties of morality. The character will be often inconsistent; and virtue, placed on a basis too narrow to support it, will be always loose and tottering. For such is the propensity of our nature to vice, so numerous are the temptations to a relaxed and immoral conduct, that stronger restraints than those of mere reason are necessary to be imposed on man. The sense of right and wrong, the principle of honor, or the instinct of benevolence, are barriers too feeble to withstand the strength of passion. In the tranquil seasons of life, these natural principles may, perhaps, carry on the ordinary course of social duties with some regularity. But wait until some trying emergence come. Let the conflict of passions arise. Let the heart be either wounded by some distress, or agitated by violent emotions, and you shall presently see that virtue without religion is inadequate to the government of life. It is destitute of its proper guard, of its firmest support, of its chief encouragement; it will sink under the weight of misfortune, or will yield to the solicitation of guile.

The great motives that produce constancy and firmness of action must be of a palpable and striking kind. A Divine Legislator uttering his voice from heaven, an Omniscient witness beholding us in all our retreats, an Almighty Governor stretching forth his arm to punish or reward, disclosing the secrets of the invisible world, informing us of perpetual rest prepared hereafter for the righteous, and of indignation and wrath awaiting the wicked: these are the considerations which overawe the world, which support integrity and check guilt. They add to virtue that solemnity which should ever characterise it. To the admonitions of conscience they give the authority of a law. Co-operating with all the good dispositions of a pious man, they strengthen and insure their influence. On his alms you can have no certain dependence who thinks not of God, nor has joined prayer to his charitable deeds. But when humanity is seconded by piety, the spring from which it flows is rendered, of course, more regular and constant. In short, withdraw religion, and you shake all the pillars of morality. In every heart you weaken the influence of virtue: and among the multitude, the bulk of mankind, you overthrow its power.—*Dr. Blair.*

"CONSCIENCE THE SAFEST GUIDE."

To glory in tribulation is not difficult to him that loveth; for, thus to glory is to glory in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ. That glory is short and painful which is received and given among men; it comes with fear and envy, and vanishes in disappointment and regret. The glory of the just is proclaimed by the voice of conscience, and not by the mouth of men; their joy is from God and in God; and their rejoicing is founded in truth. He that aspires after true and eternal glory, values not that which is temporal; and he that seeketh after the temporal glory of the earth, or that does not despise it from his heart, proves that he neither loves nor considers the eternal glory of heaven. He only can have great tranquillity whose happiness depends not on the praise or dispraise of men. If thy conscience were pure, thou wouldst be contented in every condition, and undisturbed by the opinions and reports of men concerning thee; for their commendations can add nothing to thy holiness, nor their censure take anything from it; what thou art, thou art; nor can the praise of the whole world make thee greater in the sight of God. The more, therefore, thy attention is fixed upon the true state of thy spirit, the less wilt thou regard what is said of thee in the world.

Men look only on the face, but God looketh on and searcheth the heart; men consider only the outward act, but God, the inward principle from which it springs.—*Thomas á Kempis.*

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The kingdom of God is within you, saith our blessed Redeemer. Abandon therefore the cares and pleasures of this wretched world, and turn to the Lord with all thy heart, and thy soul shall find rest.

If thou withdrawest thy attention from outward things, and keepest it fixed upon what passeth within thee, thou wilt soon perceive the coming of the kingdom of God; for the kingdom of God is that peace and joy in the Holy Ghost, which cannot be received by sensual and worldly men.

Christ will come to thee and bless with the splendor of his presence, if thou preparest within thee an abode fit to receive him: all his glory and beauty are manifested within, and there he delights to dwell; his visits there are frequent, his condescension amazing, his conversation sweet, his comforts refreshing, and the peace that he brings passeth all understanding.—*Ibid.*

Faith is the fruitful parent of all graces, and can never be too carefully cultivated and improved. 'Tis the source of pleasure, the lamp of wisdom, and the soul of virtue; 'tis that mysterious ladder by which the soul ascends to heaven, and heaven descends to it, by which a joyful correspondence is continually held between it and its Creator. Faith is that celestial flame that purifies the soul from dross, and opens in it a new and glorious scene, gilded with the ineffable brightness of the Deity, adorned with the inconceivable delights of a blissful eternity, and enriched with ravishing hopes, pure desires, love divine and joy unutterable.

There is more satisfaction in doing than receiving good. To relieve the oppressed is the most glorious act a man is capable of; it is in some measure doing the business of God and Providence, and is attended with a heavenly pleasure, unknown but to those that are beneficent and liberal.

Ecclesiastical Intelligence.

MASSACHUSETTS.

Nantucket.—Bishop Griswold visited Nantucket on Sunday last, preached three times, administered the holy communion, and confirmed forty. He found the congregation increased in numbers since his last visitation, and the spiritual condition of the Church improved.—*Ch. Witness.*

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The Diocesan Convention of the Eastern Diocese will assemble at Dedham, on Wednesday, the 29th inst. It is hoped there will be a full attendance of the clergy and lay delegates. These periodical assemblings of Churchmen can be, and we trust in God are yet to be, made a means of great spiritual blessing to the Church.—*Ib.*

VERMONT.

We have been favored by a correspondent with the following account of the fifty-first annual convention of the diocese of Vermont:

Wednesday, the 15th September, being the day appointed for the meeting of the fifty-first annual convention of the diocese of Vermont, in St. Paul's Church, Vergennes, the clergy and lay delegates began to assemble in that city the previous afternoon. The usual services began with public worship in the evening, when the bishop preached from John xiv. 15: "If ye love me, keep my commandments;" and then administered the rite of confirmation to six persons. The convention met the next morning at 9 o'clock, and, having organized, adjourned to attend divine service. The convention sermon was preached by the Rev. Jacob W. Deller, rector of St. Stephen's Church, Middlebury, from Heb. iv. 2: "The word preached did not profit them." The bishop then admitted the Rev. Ezekiel H. Sayles, deacon, to the holy order of priests, and Mr. Thomas P. Tyler to the order of deacons. Divine service was again held in the evening, when Rev. Nathaniel O. Preston, Rector of St. Stephen's Church, Bennington, preached from 1 Tim. i. 15: "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." The business of the convention having been finished, it adjourned at 11 o'clock, A. M., of the 16th. The next convention is to be held in Trinity Church, Rutland. The most important business transacted at the convention, was in relation to a system of missionary labor within the diocese. The religious services were attended by large congregations, and were deeply interesting. The preaching was what all preaching should be,—plain, practical, earnest, and impressive; pointing directly to Jesus Christ and him crucified, as the sole hope of sinful men. The following gentlemen were appointed delegates to the general convention:

Of the clergy,—Rev. Dr. Chase, Rev. John A. Hicks, Rev. William Henry Hoyt, Rev. Joel Clapp. Of the laity,—Hon. William F. Redfield, George Cleveland, Esq., Mr. Alexander Fleming, Mr. Isaac Doolittle.—*Ch. Witness.*

WESTERN NEW-YORK.

On the 4th Sept., Bishop De Lancey, in Calvary Church, Homer, confirmed eleven persons. On the 5th, in St. John's Church, Ithaca, the bishop confirmed fourteen persons. On the 6th, in Christ Church, South Danby, confirmed three persons. On the 7th, in St. Mark's Church, Candor, seven persons were confirmed. In St. Paul's, Oswego, on the 8th, four persons were confirmed. On the 10th, the bishop instituted the Rev. Kendrick Metcalf into the rectorship of Trinity Church, Elmira, Chemung county, and confirmed three persons. On Sunday, the 12th, the bishop confirmed one person at Knoxville, Steuben County. On the 14th, in St. Thomas' Church, Bath, nine persons were confirmed. On the 17th, nine persons were confirmed in St. Mark's Church, Penn Yan. On Sunday, the 19th, confirmed five persons in St. John's Church, Catharine, Chemung co.

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The Rev. O. P. Holcomb having removed from Windham, Greene county, to Lockport, Niagara county, requests letters and papers for him to be addressed accordingly.—*Gospel Mess.*

PENNSYLVANIA.

Consecration.—On Sunday, September 12th, St. Paul's Church, Wellsborough, Tioga county, was consecrated by Bishop H. U. Onderdonk. The sentence of consecration was read by the Rev. Charles Breck, rector of the parish. Morning prayers by the Rev. G. P. Hopkins, Mr. Breck reading the lessons. Sermon by the bishop, who also confirmed fourteen persons, and administered the holy communion.—*Ep. Rec.*

MARYLAND.

Bishop Whittingham on Monday last preached in both the churches in Georgetown, and adminis-

tered the rite of confirmation. In St. John's Church three persons were confirmed, and in Christ Church fifteen.

In St. John's Church, Washington, on Sunday morning, Bishop Whittingham held an ordination and admitted to priests' orders, Rev. Messrs. Thomas B. Fowler, Kensey J. Stewart and James Abercrombie. Morning prayers were read by the Rev. Mr. Boyd, of the Eastern Shore, Maryland; the candidates were presented by the Rev. Dr. Cruse, of St. Paul's College, N. Y., and the sermon was preached by the Bishop. The Rector of the church, the Rev. Mr. Hawley, with Dr. Cruse and Mr. Boyd, united with the Bishop in the imposition of hands, and in the evening the Bishop administered the rite of confirmation to about fifteen persons. The prayers were read by the Rev. Mr. Abercrombie, and the Bishop again preached and also delivered an appropriate address to the persons confirmed. The services were all deeply interesting and impressive.—*Southern Churchman.*

OHIO.

Annual Convention.—The annual Convention of the diocese of Ohio, met at Chillicothe, on the 9th inst. The Bishop in his annual address, which will shortly be published, represents the diocese in a flourishing condition, and that the confirmations much exceed those of the previous year. The Bishop took occasion to refer to the Oxford Tracts, and warn his diocese against the errors contained in these productions. A resolution of thanks to the Bishop for his work on Oxford Tractarianism was unanimously passed.

On Sunday, the 12th, the Rev. A. Wheeler, Rev. J. Henshaw, Rev. H. Kelley, and Rev. M. K. Cushman, deacons, were admitted to the holy order of priests, and Mr. J. S. Large and R. S. Elder, alumni of the Theological Seminary of the diocese, to the order of deacons. As the Bishop's sermon has been requested by the convention, it is needless for us to particularise it, otherwise than to say that we believe it to have been received with unanimous approbation—*West. Ep. Ob.*

MICHIGAN.

The Rev. Wm. A. Clark, D. D., rector of All Saints Church, New-York, died on the 11th inst., at Brighton, Michigan.

MISSIONARY INTELLIGENCE.

We have been favored with the following letter written by Mr. Southgate, which we are quite pleased to have in our power to lay before our readers, not doubting but it will be acceptable to those who take an interest in the foreign missionary operations of the Church.

Constantinople, April 17, 1841.

Rev. and Dear Brother:

I think it worth while to devote one letter or a part of one at least, to some remarks upon the very remarkable indications which are now accumulating of an approaching change in the relations of the Eastern and Western churches. Perhaps I should rather speak of it as a renewal of their ancient relations than a change of their present ones; for it would be difficult to discover that they had maintained any relations at all since the great schism which severed the Greek and Latin churches 1200 years ago. Long after that period our mother church of England followed the policy of Rome, and instead of maintaining her former communication with the East, independently of the Pope, suffered herself to be drawn along the current into which the Church of Rome had plunged. When the Reformation came, all communication had for ages ceased, and although an attempt was made at that time to revive it, it failed, through the intrigues of the Papists. Again, in this 19th century, and I trust under better auspices, the same enterprise is awakening new attention, and the circumstances which concur to indicate that the time for the restoration of our long lost unity, so numerous, and at the same time rise from so many different sources, and in quarters so widely separated from each other and without any concurrence or combination between the different agents, that they deserve the serious and thankful contemplation of all who pray for the peace of Zion. I will mention a few of them, my limits will not allow more. I cannot but regard the ground we are taking as one, and as it becomes us to speak modestly of it, I will mention first, as the least indication, and will not dwell long upon it. We have assumed a position towards the Eastern churches which is founded upon the ancient prinples of catholic communion, and is the very step that we must first take for the restoration of ancient unity. It will lead us, I believe, by slow, perhaps, but sure advances, to a more and more friendly intercourse with the Eastern churches, and at last to that perfect union with them which must precede the universal triumph of the gospel. "That they all may be one as thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be one in us, *that the world may believe that thou hast sent me.*" John, xvii. 21. The intercourse which I have already had with the Jacobite Patriarch and the recent interviews with Dr. Robertson with the Greek and Coptic Patriarchs of Egypt, (not to speak of other communications with bishops and eminent laymen) are perhaps humble steps in this progress, and others, I trust, will soon be taken. In our course we have nothing to compromise, nothing to conceal, our path is plain, and if we pursue it with simplicity and Godly sincerity, it will shine brighter and brighter to the perfect day.

Another indication is perceptible in the similar movement which has commenced in the Church of England. Within the last year a very general attention has been awakened to the subject of communication with the Eastern churches. It has been discussed in periodicals and pamphlets. You have yourself alluded to a letter addressed to the Bishop of London. Permit me to refer you to another very important article originally published in an English magazine, and subsequently in a separate form, which has created great attention It sets forth substantially the principles that we avow, and it detracts little from its intrinsic value to say that if the author had himself visited the East, he would probably have modified the language of his article in some respects. It is not a little singular that without any combination or avowed concurrence, the English and American churches should be starting together in the developement of precisely the same views. It is one of those signs of the times which most clearly indicate the agency of a superior hand in this great enterprise. Other indications in England, I cannot at present dwell upon. Let me merely enumerate a few of them—a mission to the Nestorian Patriarch, has been undertaken and accomplished upon these principles. The visit of Mr. Tomlinson, as I shall have occasion to show you hereafter, is likely to lead to most important results. As the recommencement of intercourse with the mother church of the East, it is in itself an epoch not to be forgotten. The appointment of a Bishop for Malta, about to take place, is an event most important in its bearings on the great work that we have in hand. Connected with this is the proposed establishment of a seminary in that Island, which has also a part to bear. Another great object is the securing protection for the Eastern Christians, a matter which is now making progress. The recent determination of the Christian Knowledge Society to prosecute the work begun by Mr. Tomlinson, is another important step. I will, Doctor, inform you farther on this point in a subsequent letter. Now, my dear brother, one cannot contemplate all these movements without thanking God and taking courage. I must confess that I have myself found in them strong consolation and support amidst the difficulties with which our work is environed; and while I mourn over the weakness of my faith, which requires any other support than the rectitude of the cause in which we are embarked, I cannot but rejoice that God has not left us without a witness of his favor even in this early stage of our enterprise.

Another encouragement is the readiness with which our advances are met by the heads of the Eastern churches. The Armenian, the Chaldean, the Lycian, the Coptic, and the Greek Patriarchs of Egypt, have all hailed with joy the expression of fraternal feeling from the reformed churches of England and America. Aside from the ecclesiastics, I have never conversed with intelligent laymen of the Eastern churches who did not hail the plan of our work with unfeigned joy. They see at once in these principles, a safeguard against the difficulties which others have had to encounter. It places the whole work of elevating and purifying the Eastern churches in a new light. Among the Greeks, indeed, there are some, perhaps many, who are slow to believe that the bishops can be induced to encourage any efforts for the improvement of the people, but I have seen none whose opinion was of much value, who did not approve the principles of our system. It is also an important fact, that those natives who have given most attention to the subject, and are themselves most interested in doing good, have of themselves adopted the same views, and in most instances have been converted to them by experience and observation after having before and for a time persevered in a system entirely opposite. The experience of such men speaks volumes to us. It would be temerity in us to overlook it, even if we were so disposed. Before we venture to run counter to it, we ought to go through the same experience and be equally well acquainted with the nature and difficulties of the work, and when we have done this, we shall have, I believe, little disposition to act in any other way. Other indications might be added but my object is merely to give you an outline To furnish a full sketch would require seveal sheets, but other subjects of importance press for attention.

FOREIGN.—England.

We give an additional extract from the Leeds Intelligencer, respecting the consecration of Dr. Hook's Church, and of the Bishop of New Jersey.

What added greatly to the interest excited on this occasion, was the presence of the Bishop of New Jersey, who, accompanied by his chaplain, (the Rev. B. I. Haight, A. M.,) arrived at the Vicarage on the preceding evening. The Churchmen of Leeds (we may indeed say of England)

ought to be deeply indebted to Dr. Hook for having been the means of inducing the Rt. Rev. Bishop Doane to cross the broad Atlantic in order to preach at the consecration of their parish church. He received (he stated) the invitation on the day of the conversion of St. Paul, and he instantly resolved to accept it; so great was his esteem and affection for his valued friend the Vicar of Leeds, and thinking also that he might thereby promote the interests of the Church. He arrived in Leeds on Monday night, and already has greatly endeared himself to those who have had the privilege of being introduced to him. To the kindness of the Christian he unites the courtesy and bearing of the gentleman, and his affability of manner and frankness of demeanor have a charm which must necessarily make a lasting impression. The high station which he holds in the Church in America—(a branch of the Church of Christ which English Churchmen must always look upon with peculiar love and regard)—his unwearied exertions in promoting the interests of the Church Catholic—his great learning and sincere unaffected piety—render him the subject of the greatest interest to the Churchmen of this country. The Bishop of New Jersey has been most kindly received and welcomed by the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of London, and the other heads of the Church in England; by all, indeed, who have had the pleasure of approaching him; and he alludes to this with unfeigned delight and satisfaction, justly observing that Churchmanship *does* in reality what Freemasonry only *professes* to do; it is a bond of union of the strictest kind; it is a link which joins heart to heart; it creates an understanding between the members of the Body, which they only are aware of who have experienced it. This interesting stranger took a part in the proceedings of Tuesday, and stated, that after having visited our great Metropolis, our Universities, (the eyes, as they have been justly described, of England,) many of our provincial towns, and having received every where the heartiest welcome and the greatest hospitality, yet Tuesday was the happiest day he had spent in this country. Much he had heard by the hearing of the ear of the proceedings of the Churchmen in Leeds, and of the esteem, regard, and love manifested by the parishioners for their Vicar, but his eye now witnessed what certainly exceeded his largest expectations. Indeed, it was most gratifying to find how warmly and enthusiastically the Vicar was received; this being the first time he had met them publicly since his return from abroad. Our readers, we feel confident, will pardon us for making these allusions to the excellent Bishop of New Jersey, and for taking this opportunity of introducing him to their notice.

The Hon. and Rev. Baptist Noel has been appointed one of the Chaplains in Ordinary to her Majesty.

I SEE corruption so largely rewarded, that I doubt not but I should thrive in the world, could I but get a dispensation for my conscience for the liberty of trading. A little flattery would get me a great deal of favor, and I could buy a world of this world's love, with the sale of this little trifle honesty. Were this world my home, I might perhaps be trading: but alas, these merchandise yield less than nothing in heaven. I would willingly be at quiet with the world, but rather at peace with my conscience. The love of men is good, whilst it lasteth: the love of God is better, being everlasting. Let me then trade for those heavenly merchandise.—*Arthur Warwick.*

Anthology.

LESSONS OF NATURE.

Heard ye the whisper of the breeze,
As soft it murmured by,
Amid the shadowy forest trees?
It tells, with meaning sigh,
Of the bowers of bliss on that viewless shore
Where the weary spirit shall sin no more.

While sweet and low in crystal streams
That glitter in the shade,
The music of an angel's dreams
On bubbling keys are play'd;
And their echoes breathe, with a mystic tone,
Of that home where the loved and the lost are gone.

And when at evening's silent hour,
We stand on Ocean's shore,
And feel the soul-subduing power
Of its mysterious roar,
There's a deep voice comes from its pearly caves,
Of that land of peace which no ocean laves.

And while the shadowy veil of night
Sleeps on the mountain side,
And brilliants of unfathomed light
Begem the concave wide,
There's a spell, a power, of harmonious love,
That is beckoning mute to the realms above.

And earth in all her temples wild,
Of mountain, rock, and dell,
Speaks with maternal accents mild,
Our doubting fears to quell,
Of another shore and a brighter sphere,
Where we haste on the wings of each flying year.

On nature's bright and pictured scroll
A speaking language see;
A pantomine the seasons roll,
Of glorious imagery,
That reveal a *life* in this fading clay,
That shall wake again to a brighter day.

Knickerbocker.

'THE DAYS OF THY MOURNING SHALL BE ENDED.'

Oh! weep not for the joys that fade,
Like evening lights away;
For hopes that like the stars decayed,
Have left thy mortal day;

For clouds of sorrow will depart,
And brilliant skies be given;
And, though on earth the tear may start,
Yet bliss awaits the holy heart,
Amid the bowers of heaven.

Oh! weep not for the friends that pass
Into the lonesome grave,
As breezes sweep the withered grass
Along the restless wave;

For though thy pleasures may depart,
And darksome days be given;
And lonely though on earth thou art,
Yet bliss awaits the holy heart,
When friends rejoin in heaven.

CONSIDERATION.

Fool that I was, that little of my span
Which I have sinn'd, until it styles me man,
I counted life till now; henceforth I'll say,
'T was but a drowsy ling'ring or delay;
Let it forgotten perish, let none tell
What I there was—to live, is to live well.
Off then, thou old man, and give place unto
The Ancient of Days! Let him renew
Mine age like to the eagle's, and endow
My breast with innocence: that he whom thou
Hast made a man of sin, and subtly sworn
A vassal to thy tyranny, may turn
Infant again, and having all of child,
Want wit hereafter to be so beguil'd.
O Thou, that art the way! direct me still
In this long, tedious pilgrimage: and till
Thy voice be born, lock up my looser tongue—
He only is best grown that's thus turned young.

WILLIAM CARTWRIGHT.

GOSSIPPING.

These are the spiders of society;
They weave their petty webs of lies and sneers,
And lie themselves in ambush for the spoil.
The web seems fair and glittering in the sun,
And the poor victim winds him in the toil
Before he dreams of danger or of death.
Alas, the misery that such inflict!
A word, a look, have power to wring the heart,
And leave it struggling in the net
Spread by the false and cruel, who delight
In the ingenious torment they contrive.

L. E. L.

INSCRIPTION FOR A TIME-PIECE.

BY S. T. COLERIDGE.

Now! It is gone. Our brief hours travel post,
Each with its thought or deed, its why or how:
But know, each parting hour gives up a ghost
To dwell within thee—an eternal Now!

A THOUGHT OF DEATH.*

When on my sick bed I languish
Full of sorrow, full of anguish,
Fainting, gasping, trembling, crying,
Panting, groaning, speechless, dying,
My soul just now about to take her flight
Into the regions of eternal night;
Oh tell me, you
That have been long below,
What shall I do—
What shall I think—when cruel death appears,
That may extenuate my fears?
Methinks I hear some gentle spirit say,
Be not fearful: come away!
Think with thyself, that now thou shalt be free,
And find thy long expected liberty!

THOMAS FLATMAN.

Literary.

[For the Church Record.]

OLD ENGLISH LITERATURE.

NUMBER XXXII.

CHARLES II. AND HIS COURT POETS.

EVERY epoch in literature has a marked character of its own: some one faculty is predominant, or a particular form of literature or school of taste and art. At one time, imagination and poetry: at another, comedy and wit: at a third, erudition and critical acumen: at a forth, a turn for scentific researches and the love of utility. Wit is the distinguishing trait of the reign of Charles II. The epigram, whether in sermons, poems, letters or comedies, was the favorite weapon, and conversation became a "gladitorial" contest, where light repartee proved more effectual than the heavy armor of logic and philosophy. The King himself, a man who never *said* a silly thing; 'though he never *did* a wise one,' led the way by his cheerful tastes and gay humor, all that was agreeable and voluptuous in the most pleasure-loving and pleasure-seeking court that England had then ever seen, and more free and licentious than she has (happily) seen since. The nice judgment of the 'merry monarch,' though averse to the sober counsels of Clarendon, and the fatigue of attending to state affairs, was perfectly adapted to the choice of lively companions for his hours of pleasure, which pretty much included even his hours of business. The leading courtiers and court poets, whom we must distinguish from truly great national poets, were, after Rochester, Sedley, Tom Kellegrew, Sir George Etheridge, the Earls of Dorset and Halifax, Sir John Denham, and the Duke of Buckingham.

These were all men of the world, of easy, elegant manners, and gay, lively wit. Little remains of them in a permanent shape. Sedley wrote love verses, that were thought the most seducing of the age. This clever wit and versifier was celebrated for his gentility of appearance, and the art of inflaming the breast of female virtue, by elegant insinuations and a graceful appearance of modesty. Kellegrew was a good mimic, and told a story admirably. Sir George Etheridge, for his pleasantness, styled easy Etheridge and gentle George, wrote the first elegant comedy of manners in English, was the founder of the artificial comedy. The Earl of Dorset, 'the best natured man, with the worst natured muse,' is thus described by Horace Walpole: "He was the finest gentleman in the voluptuous court of Charles II. and in the gloomy one of King William. He had as much wit as his first master, or his contemporaries, Buckingham and Rochester, without the royal want of feeling, the Duke's want of principles, or the Earl's want of thought." Halifax was an eminent

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* Plainly the prototype of Pope's "Dying Christian;" and perhaps derived from the same source, the well known verses of Hadrian.

political character, wrote some good prose and tolerable verses. Sir John Denham, who is now known popularly by his Cooper Hill, a descriptive poem, was then celebrated for his railery on city husbands, and jealousy and the state of matrimony, and yet lived to marry, at the age of seventy-nine, a girl of eighteen, of whom he was the perpetual (male) Duenna. The Rehearsal, is the monument of Buckingham's genius for burlesque.

Butler, though in one sense a court poet, in embracing the views of the court party, was neglected. Otway, who wrote the most affecting tragedy since the old Elizabethan Dramatists, was literally choked to death by too great haste in swallowing a crust after long abstinence. The love of a wealthy lady, made Wycherly independent of the court, which was fortunate to escape provoking 'the satire, strength and wit, of manly Wycherly.' Small wits and small poets were abundant. "The aid of gentlemen who wrote with ease and who sprinkled, "like twinkling stars, the miscellanies o'er." Their easy writing was however confessed in the very next age of their own, to be confounded hard reading. Such a variety of trifling, petty conceits; such vacuity of real meaning; so little earnestness; so many eulogiums on pleasure.

When we allow the best of these writers wit, we give them all their due. They were shallow whenever they aimed at any thing deeper. They were hollow when they counterfeited patriotism or philanthropy. All their attempts at grave tragedy ended in mouthing bombast; their essays at philosophy ran into scepticism or infidelity. They wanted common honesty: they were deficient in pure integrity: of sincerity, they had only the name.

If we regard their predecessors of the commonwealth, or go back to the reign of Elizabeth, we cannot fail to be struck between the robust, hearty English spirit of the former, and the French, finical, sneering spirit of the latter. Yet at this very period were living in England, secluded and remote from public view, the greatest poet next to Shakspeare, that has ever lived, and the greatest master of allegorical prose fiction. In the ranks of the clergy were to be found such masters of wit, eloquence, logic and philosophy, as South, Barrow and Tillotson. And in prose, the authors of the finest essays, some of the most attractive writers of minor miscellanies, the greatest English History then written, and the earliest beginnings of fine criticism, redeem the literary character of the age from the imputation of being illiterate and without genius, except in the circles of fashion and the Court.

The talent of conversation and the ephemeral graces of an accomplished manner, are soon forgotten, and live only in the pages of the author. But the thoughts of wisdom, the fancies of the poet, the bright gleams of sterling wit, last forever, are immortal. Words, evanescent as they seem, are, after all, the only things of man's production which contain in themselves the seeds of life. If we would, we cannot destroy the impression of the printed page which is to be reprinted for the hundredth time, by generations yet to come. When we follow this reflection to its natural tendency, and think of the vast harm that bad books have caused, we may, without being suspected of pharisaical pretence, or accused of puritanical affectation, seriously remonstrate against the excessive levity and studied indifference to serious topics, which mark the writers, or rather the Court wits of Charles' days. We would not, on the contrary, have them stupid and ethical. In Hazlitt's British Poets, Roscommon, the dullest of Earls poetic, immediately follows Rochester, of all Earls the wittiest. Here we have the two extremes. Instead of this, let there be wit without obscenity, and brilliant satire without irreligion. There is surely no necessary connection between piety and a prosaic dulness. A man of wit ought to be no less a Christian, and the very hightest order of human intellects have received a still higher elevation and dignity from the practice and culture of the noblest Christian morality.

J.

Errata.—By an error in typography, we were made to say some very queer things in the article in our last, on Rochester. We did not intend to commend the obscenities of Rochester; least of all, compare his songs with those of *Croley*, the living English clergyman. "Crowley" should have been "Cowley," and the sense otherwise was entirely different.

"JULIAN, OR SCENES IN JUDEA," is a compilation of letters, "with no foundation whatever in historical fact, except where an obvious agreement will be found with the Scriptures." Yet, as no mortal penman can write as did the prophets of old, under Divine inspiration, those holy men "who kept the sayings;" and, since this "somewhat living picture of days in Judea," is chiefly a detailed record of gospel facts, we must regret the selection of so wonderfully glorious and sacred a theme, by even this gifted author.

The imbittered hatred of Greek and Jew, the accumulated insults, and opprobrium lavished on God's chosen people, their blind zeal, and wilfully contumacious unbelief; with their subjection to Roman oppression, and the exasperation consequent on such thraldom, is well described: as is the Jew himself, with his estimate of the "Law, given of God," says he, "to our fathers;" it is no human instrument, no fabric wrought by the hands of men to be altered at our pleasure, or winked out of sight at our will or convenience. It is the law of the God of Moses, and therefore wholly right, and to be obeyed and honored by those who receive it, in the spirit and in the letter, by the observance of its rites, by the keeping of its festivals, by the reverence of its Sabbaths, by the payment of its tythes, by the worship of Him who founded it, and the hatred of those who subvert it. The proper Jew is one who not only loves, but hates. The measure of contempt that is by other nations served out to him, he returns heaped up and running over. The Jew's bond of allegiance to the Jew is not a more binding one than that which leagues him in everlasting hatred against the Gentile. Our ancestors, who with the besom of extermination and death swept the land of their inheritance of its accursed tribes, and spared neither the sucking child, nor the tender maid, nor the hoary head, are an example unto us of our day, how we should deal with any who shall dare to set up their rest on the consecrated soil of this kingdom, not of man, but of God." This sect, however, like all others, comprises two classes; one, superstitious and wicked, "making distinctions between the worship of God and virtue; considering these two things as not necessarily joined together. Prayers are made on all occasions and in all places; but they are a ceremony by themselves, and being once said, the matter is over; so much was due to God by command, agreement, or custom, or tradition, and the debt has been paid." With the other, "Their religion hath been connected with their life; their many prayers and fastings, their sacrifices and offerings, their goings up to the feasts, their observance of the laws to its smallest requirement in every rite and act, has all been done, not in the place of virtue, but in addition and as incentives to it. They believe in Moses and the prophets, in the law that guides them in this life, and in the resurrection at the last day, for which the law fits them by its commands."

The author's imagination has sketched the heartless, selfish, calculating Pilate; the proud, designing, cruel, profligate Herod, with his ambitious aspiration to the title of Redeemer of Israel? The fearless herald of our Saviour, John the Baptist, who by his own severity of life and doctrine, boldly reproached the vice and hypocrisy of the many, while his preaching, and baptism unto repentance, prepared a few for accepting the Sun of Righteousness.

Without either wish to depreciate the writer's talent, or motive to disparage merit, we must condemn portions of his book. In the Holy Record, we learn little of the Virgin Mother, or her family, yet *here* are we introduced to parents, brethren and sisters; not other and more distant connexions, commonly claimed as brethren by the Jew of old, but *veritable* children of Mary and Joseph, living in an humble cottage "thickly covered with olive and fig trees." Now, is not this, being wise above what is written? Is it not akin, to adding to "the Book of Life?" We trow yes. Christ the Saviour too, "begotten of the Father, heir of all things, the brightness of his glory, and express image of his person, the Son of God," should he be proved *no greater* than a "Messenger from God," a mere prophet, "mysterious and impenetrable?" We like it not. Why should the volume close, without mention or censure of the traitor Judas? Without testimony of disciples and believers, or allusion to the sun's darkness, the quaking earth, rending rocks, yawning graves, and resurrection of saints? Is not this "doing violence to scriptural antiquities?" keeping back a part?

Truly is it written, "Whosoever denieth the Son, the same hath not the Father; but he that acknowledgeth the Son hath the Father also."

X.

PLASMION: *a Poem delivered before the Philomathean and Eucleian Societies of the University of the city of New-York, July* 13, 1841. *By C. Donald McLeod.*

This poem, as its title indicates, is on the subject of Romance, and the aim of the poet is to exhibit its "use and power, its source and history." "Ἐξ φαντασίας καὶ ἐλωΐδος Πλάσμια ἐξεγένετο," says Xenophon; and adopting this as his text, Mr. Mc Leod, commencing at the garden of Eden, though not in the order intimated by himself, proceeds to his task with something like energy and spirit, and in some instances acquits himself well, while in others, we are constrained to say, he is less happy. The poem has in it intrinsic evidence of being the offspring of haste; nevertheless, as the author has cast his bantling forth upon the troubled waters of criticism, we, in common with others, will take time to snatch at whatever stray leaf may be thrown within our reach.

As was said above, the writer of Plasmion commences with Eden, from which we are left to infer, that he means romance had its origin in that abode of innocence, and that the act which caused the expulsion of our original progenitors from the beautiful garden, was only one of romance. But before we proceed in our notice, we will give a few lines from the first stanza, which, as well as involving a pretty conceit, may fairly be

taken as a specimen of the writer's talent for versification. The scene is paradise—time, night.

"The host of night-flowers from each fragrant cup,
Offered their song of silent sweetness up—
Those flowers! bright words with which at Eden's birth,
Our Maker's hand wrote down his love for earth!—
Calmly the four broad rivers slept in smiles,
And bore upon their breasts the infant isles—
The islands! disinherited of earth,
The waves adopted them; and their fond mirth,
As round the shore they clasped their murmur fell,
Showed that they loved their foster children well!"

The line preceding the last is not exactly clear to our apprehension; but as the obscurity may be one of punctuation, (and in this respect we hardly know how to improve it,) we pass on to other matters. Mr. McL., in his third stanzas, thus "defines his position," by giving his ideas of the meaning of romance:

"——'T is but Hope with Fancy's wings,
Those plumes that flutter music when she springs
Up from some ruined joy, soothing and kind,
To fling her spell upon the dreamer's mind."

The next instance of romance in the history of the world, and which calls for an acknowledgment from the muse of our author, is the deluge; in describing which, the language employed does not over-much elevate our emotions, but rather inclines us to smile; for just at this moment it comes to our mind, that if one of the sub-marine denizens of "all along shore" should chance to alight on the following passage, either in or out of its connexion, he would set down the author as somewhat ignorant of piscatory excursions.

"The strong whale, nurtured in the seas deep caves,
Swam o'er the mountain tops—'t was man's despair."

The erection of Babel was a "romantic dream:"

"And that too was a high romance, that led
The Israelites across the desert's bed."

Very, indeed. But some other romantic incidents, which intervene between the time of the great tower and the exodus of the Hebrews, and which we have all along thought more deeply affect the destiny of our race, are passed by, as being so much rotten yarn, and perhaps as unworthy of being either woof or warp of the "immortal verse" of the poet.

The seventh stanza, in anticipation of a "glorious subject," which almost always receives the attention of a youthful writer, commences thus:

"And oh! the romance of their bondage land."

That is, the bondage-land of the Israelites. Our readers may have an idea of what is now coming; they certainly will not think there was any romance in making bricks without straw—but of course will imagine the poet to have in view that series of tremendous judgments with which the Almighty afflicted that stiff-necked people—and which in the contemplative mind will awaken such emotions of the power and majesty of the Deity, as no passage in the whole range of poetical literature from Hesiod to Milton can produce. But no such thing: those events are shuffled off to the winds, as if affording no material for poetry—and the author's romance assumes another shape; for now it is not "hope with fancy's wings," but him who "tier upon tier the pyramids piled;" him who excavated the catacombs; and anon, him "who carved Memnon's lips," which, when

"The first
Sun-kiss lit on them into music burst."

which to us is a new fact, effectually demolishing Belzoni's theory, unless that notorious, we had nigh said celebrated statue, was all lip. Then we have Cambyses, and Ptolemy Philadelphus: then Cleopatra, and Antony and Cæsar,—all, all, alike the property and subject of a certain class of candidates for literary distinction, and which for at least forty years past have been handled and dabbled with by scores of drivelling writers, (of which we do not insinuate is Mr. McLeod,) who by repeating those names, imagine themselves to have claims to superior intelligence. These writers may excite a stare from the vulgar; but such things offend the judicious, are unpalatable to the true scholar, and offensive to literary propriety. Mr. McLeod, in some respects, evinces much cleverness as a writer; but he must permit us to say this seventh stanza is unworthy of him, is not in good taste, independent of the common-place lines in which his romantic beings are embalmed.

The writer, somewhat singularly both for chronological and geographical accuracy, first guides his Pegasus from Egypt to Rome; is in at the death of Remus, and a witness to some other doings of that clever but turbulent people, and indicates his taste for the true romantic, by excluding many remarkable persons and marvellous events, we suppose, as unworthy his muse. But Horace and Virgil, and Ovid and Juvenal, are very properly retained as evidence of his having been in good company while there.

After his flight from Egypt to Rome, he bethinks him of beautiful Greeee; and in an ecstacy pronounces it "Romance's favorite clime," and proceeds to prove it by showing up Orpheus as making the rocks and trees dance; but gives poor Eurydice and her fatal mishap the slip, perhaps as too natural and unromantic: Apollo kills anew the Python, and, in verse, that would rouse the poet-god's ire were he within ear-shot of Donald's lyre; Arion's lute-strings again delight the dolphins, if nothing else; and so on to the end of the chapter, not forgetting the gifted "Leucadian suicide," who, with the rest, have run the gauntlet of European literatists for half a score of centuries; and it would seem, from past and present indications, are yet to share a similar fate from our cis-atlantic aspirants, unless happily the millenium intervenes to avert the catastrophe.

According to the arrangement of Mr. McLeod, we infer that the practical number of romantic events and romantic personages in the ancient world are comprised in some eighty or ninety particulars, a sort of nut-shell classical dictionary. But modern times are much more fruitful in romance; and our author traces it down from persons to things, and things to persons, in clear succession,

"To that fair girl who sits on England's throne."

To whom we suppose he is willing to allow a pretty good share, though he does not exactly define the quantity or quality. The romance of the immediate present, is the *novel* affair of removing the remains of Napoleon, and the newly discovered edifices of Palenque and Copan. That of our own country is "our glorious western sky," our sunsets, and lakes, and mountains, and rivers, and stars, and flowers, and lastly, woman's smiles and eyes. This last he makes the subject of some verses, *à la Moore*, concluding thus:

"Not the smile of an angel could tempt me to roam
While such eyes and such smiles bless and brighten my home!"

but the naughty man has evinced his want of sincerity by taking himself off to Europe, as bearer of despatches, within a few hours after penning his lines; but then it may be said in justification, a mail bag is not "the smile of an angel."

But we have not time or inclination to pursue this subject any further; for we have already extended this notice to a much greater length than we at first intended. The poem takes up eighteen closely printed octavo pages, and is illuminated by three pages more of notes, "because many of the allusions are unavoidably difficult of understanding." Notes to poems are becoming quite fashionable, and are supposed to exhibit the learning of the author. But on looking at these to the poem of Mr. McL., it is evident he was only cracking a joke at the Philomatheans. He should have sent them Professor Anthon's big book, and have let them found the notes for themselves. There is certainly some good poetry in this little pamphlet, but the great fault is, and it seems to us to be an American one, the introduction into every thing of interminable and unnecessary classical allusions, an array of names and things very well suited to a classical dictionary, but certainly so much hackneyed of late years, that any writer who has at heart a reputation for taste and good sense, will studiously avoid a topic that necessarily includes such a recapitulation. Mr. McLeod, in illustrating his subject, impresses us with an unfavorable opinion of his judgment in many particulars; and we incline to the belief that the laurel he seeks is not yet within his grasp, but will become the possession of some writer of more taste and discrimination, who, building upon the foundation of Plasmion, will rear an edifice in accordance with the beautiful material at hand, much of which is quite unnoticed and untouched, if indeed it be at all known, by Mr. McL. L.

NEW BOOKS.—*Tokens of Affection, of Friendship, of Remembrance.* New-York: D. Appleton & Co., 200 Broadway.

These are three pretty miniature volumes of the Appleton's Miniature Classical Library, of the same series in which the elegant volumes of Goldsmith's Vicar and Johnson's Rasselas, together with other standard productions are comprised. The titles of the books designate their peculiar character, which is borne out by the appropriate poetical extracts they contain. It is almost needless at this time of day to add, that in typograpical execution, binding and engravings, they are finished in the very best style.

Miscellaneous.

For the Church Record.

A NUT FOR THE OXFORD INTERPRETERS TO CRACK.

Mr. Perceval, at pages 364 and 365 of his Roman Schism (Lond. 1836) after citing the Decrees and Canons of the Council of Trent, adds these remarks: "After repeated and careful consideration of these decrees and canons, both alone and with the assistance of others, I find no reason to depart from an opinion which I have formerly expressed, that ground for condemnation of the Church of Rome as touching the main positions of this doctrine, is not to be found in the decrees of the Council of Trent" * * * "I am inclined to think, that if a man will examine the matter carefully he will find that the *apparent discrepancy between the Roman and English authorized doctrines* [the Italics are our own] is to be attributed to the paucity of our language and its inability to express heavenly things, which obliges us to use the same words in many different acceptations."

Our language must indeed be miserably defec-

tive, ought to be abjured as a means of communication between rational creatures, if it was intended by the Council of Trent and the English Church that the subjoined articles and canons should convey the same ideas—should express the same theological creed. It does not seem to me, that the propositions could have been put in terms *more contradictory* one of the other, and it is as impossible to hold with Rome and with England at the same time, as it is to believe that a *thing exists and does not exist* at one and the same moment.

Art. 11—*Of the Justification of Man.*

"We are accounted righteous before God *only* for the merit of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, *by faith;* and not for our own works or deservings. Wherefore that we are justified by *faith only*, is a most wholesome doctrine and very full of comfort, as more largely is expressed in the Homily of Justification."

Canon IX. *of the Council of Trent.*

"If any shall say, that a wicked man is justified *by faith alone*, so as to understand that nothing else is required which may co-operate to the obtaining the grace of justification; let him be accursed."—*Perc. p.* 202.

Act. 12—*Of Good Works.*

"Albeit that good works, which are *the fruit of faith*, and *follow after justification*, cannot put away our sins, and endure the severity of God's judgment; yet are they pleasing and acceptable to God in Christ, and do spring out necessarily of a true and lively faith; insomuch that by them *a lively faith may be as evidently known*, as a tree discerned by the fruit."

Canon XXIV. *of the Council of Trent.* (*Per. p.* 208)

"If any shall say, that justification which has been received is not preserved, yea, also increased before God by good works; but that these works are merely *the fruit* and *signs* of justification (the very, *and the only*, things which the article 12 affirms) which has been obtained, but not the cause of the increase of it; let him be accursed."

Art. 13—*Of Works before Justification.*

"Works done before the grace of Christ and the inspiration of his spirit, *are not pleasant to God*, forasmuch as they spring not of faith in Jesus Christ * * * yea, rather for that they are not done as God hath willed and commanded them to be done; we doubt not but *they have the nature of sin.*"

Canon VII. *of the Council of Trent.* (*Perc. p.* 201.)

"If any shall say, that all works *done before justification*, in whatever manner they may have been done, *are truly sins* and deserve the wrath of God; let him be accursed."

Now, sir, as to the comparison of the 11th article and the 9th canon of Trent, what would a man of *common sense*, and *common honesty*, think of the *understanding* or the *virtue* of a clergyman, who would swear that he believed that "we are accounted righteous before God *only* for the merit of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, *by faith*," that "the doctrine of *justification by faith only* is a most wholesome doctrine and very full of comfort," while he *understood* that it was not by *faith only*, but by *faith and something else coöperating with that faith*, that we obtained the grace of justification? Well, sir, unless the English clergyman who subscribes this article, so understands it, the Church of Rome says, "Let him be accursed." He that would agree, therefore, with Rome and England at the same time upon this point, will find himself *either deceiving the one*, or *accursed by the other.*

2. As to the comparison of the 12th article and the 24th canon of Trent, Rome says that "if any shall say that good works are merely the *fruit* and *signs of justification* which has been obtained (which is *exactly* what England in her 12th article *does say* and no more,) but not the cause of the increase of it; let him be accursed." Now, sir, is not a clergyman who subscribes the 12th article, understanding that good works are merely the *fruit and signs of justification*, but also the *cause of the increase of it*, subjecting himself to ecclesiastical censure, by affixing a new sense to it, or else to the anathema of Rome, by confining himself to its literal and grammatical sense? How then can he serve two masters?

3. The discrepancy between the 13th article and the 7th canon of Trent is not so direct as in the other cases, but is still so difficult to reconcile, that he who would maintain both propositions at the same time, must be vastly cunning in the discerning of resemblances. They are as much alike as Wales and Flanders. A work that has *the nature of sin* and is not *pleasant to God*, which our article affirms of all works done before justification, approaches so nearly *to one that is truly sin* and *deserves the wrath of God* against the assertion of which "our mother or sister,"* has hurled her curse, that the Church of England clergyman who holds in good faith, the doctrine of his Article, must feel that he is resting with the anathema of Rome, suspended over him by a single hair.

Now, sir, if these points are not the *main positions* of the doctrine of justification, I should like to know what are; they are, at least, *all the positions* which the Church of England has thought proper to take upon the subject. E.

* See British Critic for July, p. 125.

For the Church Record

TEXAS MISSION.

On Sunday evening last a missionary meeting, in behalf of this part of the great field now open to Christian benevolence, was held in St. Ann's church, Brooklyn. Addresses were made by Bishop McIlvaine, the Rev. Mr. Eaton, (missionary at Galveston) and others. It appeared that vigorous efforts had been made by the parish, and a church actually commenced after the services of the Church had been maintained for about seven months. More than one hundred persons had frequently attended outside, during the service, unable to gain admittance. The Sunday School already numbers near fifty pupils, with nine teachers. The parish had subscribed $1600 for their church, and an English merchant had engaged to furnish all the materials at cost.

The audience present manifested its interest in this mission by contributing about $160 towards the completion of the church at Galveston. Mr. Eaton, it is understood, is engaged in raising the funds yet necessary; the whole expense of building being $4400. The influence of such a measure on this promising and important branch of our Church urges its claims with manifest force. If Christians would secure the advantages of the Church in Texas, the present is a most favorable opportunity. A FRIEND TO MISSIONS.

For the Church Record.

REV. SIR:

Your correspondent J. W. M., calls attention to free churches in this city, but the design of his article is lost, as he has omitted to say where they are to be found! Are there any such things as free churches in this city? I have never been able to find one, though here nine years, and I never go to a Protestant church—so called in England—in consequence. I, and I doubt not hundreds of persons circumstanced in like manner in New York, would feel sincerely thankful to you if you would take the trouble in the "Church Record" to explain the regulations of the various Episcopal Churches as regards the admission of the public, but especially those, if there be any, where all the pews are not private property. Pray excuse this freedom in a stranger, whose only excuse for making it is, that he is a subscriber and constant reader of your admirable paper W. O. C.

Remarks.—Our correspondent is informed that there are two free Episcopal Churches in New York—the church of the Holy Evangelists in Vandewater street, and the church of the Epiphany in Stanton street; and upon application to the respective clergymen of those churches, we doubt not he will be put in possession of any information he may desire in the premises.

EXTRACTS FROM CASPIPINI'S LETTERS.

Tell me thou poor purblind mortal, amidst all these changes, and vicissitudes, that attend thy bodily frame, what is it within thee that thinks, that reasons, and reflects, and observes upon every change that passes, and continues to do so, let thy body be affected as it may? What is it that renders thee secretly dissatisfied after thou hast amused thyself with all these fine speculations—what is it that tells thee such and such things are good, and right, and proper to be done, and that such and such things are wrong, and evil in their nature, and leading to misery, and tells thee so, let thy bodily state and temper be what it will, whether thy present humour disposes thee to obey or neglect its dictates.

Couldst thou read aright the volume that is unfolded in thine heart, thou wouldst find there the same language which thy Saviour speaks in his gospel, viz:—"That the kingdon of God is within thee;" that virtue, goodness, holiness, are not empty names, but that they are a real nature of heavenly extraction; that they depend not merely upon our animal sensations, but may be called forth and brought into exercise, independent of, and superior to them; that this heavenly nature will regulate, control, and direct the several passions or appetites of thine earthly part: that whether thy temper be gentle or violent, meek or wrathful, kind and tender, or sour and morose, this blessed principle, if attended to and obeyed, will make both its good and evil turn to thine advantage.

It will overcome all that is harsh, peevish, and discontented within thee, and will give an heavenly tincture, virtue, and efficacy to thine earthly meekness, tenderness, and love.

It will teach thee to look above nature, above instinct, above reason, for that which is to set nature, instinct, reason, right; it will satisfy thee of the truth of the Bible revelation, and teach thee to consider thyself and all mankind, not only as the children of Adam, but as sons of God in Christ, only to be redeemed out of their present bondage by means of that communication, which the Redeemer himself hath opened between earth and heaven—betwixt our fallen spirits and his own spirit of love.

You cannot but conclude with me, that virtue, goodness, or holiness, do not consist in a mere external decency of behaviour, that they do not consist in, nor are they regulated by, our bodily feelings, but they are the gift of God in Christ, and to be received by the spirit of prayer in our hearts.

Were we once convinced of this, we should not wait for the mere sympathy of animal nature to prompt us to benevolent deeds: we should be kind and tender from a superior principle; we should find ourselves willing to answer the calls of this principle, even against the strongest reluctances of our earthly part.

Our tenderness of heart would be even and uniform in all its acts and operattons; and though our eyes might even refuse the tribute of a tear, yet our souls would be inwardly moved to do what compassion dictates should be done. After all, do not think, I have been declaiming against animal sympathies; they have their uses—great uses, too—but then let them not be supposed to extend and operate beyond their native sphere. They belong to the earth; they dwell in the earthly part of our frame; if we place them indeed under the guidance of heaven, they will partake of the virtue of angols, otherwise, they will be no more in the sight of heaven, than the meekness of the lamb, or the tenderness of the turtle dove. Receive it, then, as a maxim abundantly confirmed by the experience of all mankind, that outward emotion is by no means an infallible sign of inward charity; but that tenderness may often appear in the eye, whilst avarice, or some other infernal passion keeps the door of the heart.

CHARACTER OF THE QUEEN DOWAGER.

Many instances are recorded from time to time, of the royal munificence of the worthy and estimable Queen Dowager; but never has it fallen to our lot to record a more pleasing case than the following, which has lately come to our knowledge, and for the truth and accuracy of which we can vouch. A gentleman of the name of Blake, one of the pages to her majesty, was stretched upon a bed of sickness, and was found to be approaching his end. Her majesty, with that solicitude which she evinces for even the lowest menial in her household, was particular in her inquiries after him day by day, and on learning from his medical attendant that but faint hopes were entertained of his recovery, she proceeded without delay and unattended to his bed-side, and spoke sweet words of comfort to the dying man, bidding him to rely upon the all-sufficient merits of his Saviour for acceptance with his God, when the things of this world, which were fast fading from him, should have closed upon his mortal sight. She begged him to feel quite comfortable as to his wife and family, for that she would provide for them, and to pass the few short hours that remained to him on earth in preparing to meet his God and the coming judgment. Such words of comfort, we may hope, produced their proper effect, and that the spirit of the departed will have reason, through eternity, to praise his Redeemer for sending such a messenger of mercy to comfort him in his dying moments. A few days after his decease, her majesty sent for the sorrowing widow, who was left with a family of 7 children, and announced to her her intention of allowing her a pension of 100*l.* a year, and a residence in Bush Park, so long as that continued her property. She desired her to send such of her family as were of sufficient age, to school in the neighborhood at her expense, and that as they grew up she would provide for them. What Englishman does not feel a real pleasure in becoming acquainted with such princely acts of benevolence in the widow of our late beloved Sovereign, and in knowing that this nation has placed it within her power to display, by such instances as these, the kindness and nobleness of her queen-like nature.—*Cheltenham Chronicle.*

THE DEATHS OF GREAT MEN.

How deeply interesting it is to contemplate the death-bed scene of those whose fame will be imperishable so long as genius is admired, or science, art, and literature cultivated! It is said that Haller, the great physiologist, died feeling his pulse. When he found that he was almost gone, he turned to his brother physician, and said, "My friend, the artery ceases to beat," and died. Petrarch was found dead in his library, leaning on a book. Bede died in the act of dictating. Roscommon uttered at the moment he expired two lines of his own version "Dies iræ." Rousseau, when dying, ordered his attendants to place him before his window, that he might once more behold his garden, and bid adieu to nature. Addison's dying speech to his son-in-law, was characteristic of the author of the "Spectator." "Behold," said he to the dissolute young nobleman, "with what tranquility a Christian can die!" Alfieri, the day before he died, was persuaded to see a priest, and when he came he said to him with great affability, "Have the goodness to look in to-morrow; I trust death will wait four and twenty hours." Tasso's dying request to Cardinal Cynthis was indicative of the gloom which haunted him through life; he had but one favor, he said, to request of him, which was, that he would collect his works and commit them to the flames, especially his "Jerusalem Delivered." Clarendon's pen dropped from his hand when he was seized with palsy, which terminated his life. Chauser died ballad-making. His last production he entitled, "A Ballad made by Geoffrey Chaucer on his death-bed, lying in great anguish." Sir Godfrey Kneller's vanity was displayed in his last moments. Pope, who visited him two days before he died, says he never saw a scene of so much vanity in his life; Kneller was sitting up in bed contemplating the plans he was making for his own monument. "I could wish this tragic scene was over," said the celebrated actor Quin; "but I hope to go through it with becoming dignity."

Bishop Newton died while in the act of setting his watch. Bayle, having prepared his proof sheet for the printer, pointed to where it lay when in the act of dying. The last words of Lord Chesterfield were when the valet, opening the curtains of the bed, announced Dr. Drysdale, "Give Drysdale a chair." Warren observed that Chesterfield's good breeding only quitted him with his life. "Tell Collingwood to bring the fleet to an anchor," were Nelson's last words. "I fear not death! Death is not terrible to me," said Charles the First, when he ascended the scaffold. Sir Thomas More, on observing the weakness of the scaffold on which he was to die, said to the executioner, "I pray you see me up safe, and for my coming down let me shift for myself."—*Polytechnic Journal.*

FRENCH ROYAL LIBRARY.

The following description of the Royal Library at Paris, is from the Foreign Correspondence of the Madisonian.

"To-day I have visited the Royal Library, which has not so much excited my admiration, but has afforded me more real satisfaction than any thing beside I have seen at Paris. In point of design and finish, no one of the many apartments of this library equals that of our Congressional Library at Washington, but then it is on a vastly larger scale, and exceedingly more interesting, for the number, variety, and value of its printed books, the number and antiquity of many of its manuscripts, and its numerous medals, engravings, and antiques. The apartments occupy the four sides of a parallelogram, of about 540 feet by 130, making the whole extent of the library about 1,340 feet. It is said to contain near a million of printed volumes, as many pamphlets, and 12,000 manuscripts. It has a cabinet containing 1,000,000 medals, exclusive of thousands of engraved stone and other antiques. Its cabinet of engravings contains 1,600,000 specimens and three hundred thousand maps and plans. If one has not time to read, a rapid survey of the exterior of the books of a library will suffice; not so of ancient manuscripts, medals, and antiques. Upon these one gazes with interest, on account of their antiquity, their author, the person or thing they represent, or the place whence they have been taken. Along the walls of some of the principal apartments of the library are very neat and well arranged cases, with glass covers, containing, some the autographs of several of the monarchs and most distinguished French authors,—others the most curious ancient manuscripts. There are to be seen letters of Voltaire, of Rousseau, of Madame Maintenon, of Madame Savigné, and many others; also manuscripts of Fenelon, of Bossuet, of Henry the 4th, of Louis 14th, and of many others. There are to be seen some very ancient authentic manuscripts; one I noticed of the 3d or 4th century, and several of the 6th, 7th, and 8th: also a curious inscription in Chinese, of about the 7th century, being an account of the arrival and attending circumstances of the first Catholic missionaries in China. The medals and other antiques are exceedingly interesting, as well as numerous, being collected from all parts of the world. There are antiques from Babylon and Egypt, from China and India, from Greece and Rome, and especially a greater variety of a more modern date, from the 4th and 5th centuries to the 16th and 18th. One sees, especially, the veritable armor of the ancient kings and nobles of France—huge cases of steel or brass, which covered the entire body, and which now appear like skeletons, ugly and deformed; but which doubtless were very useful to those who wore them, when blows were not the fisticuffs of modern pugilists, but well-aimed strokes of the battle-axe, dealt by arms of iron sinews; useful, doubtless, ere yet the delicate articles of powder and cannon shot were known; but since entirely worthless; before a man might secure life and limb against the weapons of his adversary, but since, whoever will fight must run the imminent risk of falling. So that upon the whole it appears that Shakspeare's fop was not a fool, who said 'were it not for those vile guns, I myself would be a soldier.'"

DEATH OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

Sir John Moore, while earnestly watching the result of the fight about the village of Elvina, was struck on the left breast by a cannon shot. The shock threw him from his horse with violence, but he rose again in a sitting posture, his countenance unchanged and his steadfast eye still fixed upon the regiments engaged in his front, no sigh betraying a sensation of pain. In a few moments, when he was satisfied that the troops were gaining ground, his countenance brightened and he suffered himself to be taken to the rear. Then was seen the dreadful nature of his hurt. The shoulder was shattered to pieces, the arm was hanging by a piece of skin, the ribs over the heart were broken and bared of flesh, and the muscles of the breast were torn into long stripes which were interlaced by their recoil from the dragging of the

shot. As the soldiers placed him in a blanket, his sword got entangled and the hilt entered the wound. Captain Hardinge, the staff officer, who was near, attempted to take it off, but the dying man stopped him saying, "*It is as well as it is. I had rather it would go out of the field with me;*" and in that manner, so becoming to a soldier, Moore was borne from the fight. * *

From the spot where he fell, the General who had conducted it was carried to the town by a party of soldiers; his blood flowed fast, and the torture of his wound was great, yet such was the unshaken firmness of his mind, that those about him, judging from the resolution of his countenance that his wound was not mortal, expressed a hope of his recovery; hearing this, he looked steadfastly at the injury for a moment and then said, "*No, I feel that to be impossible.*" Several times he caused his friends to turn him round that he might behold the field of battle, and when the fire indicated the advance of the British he discovered his satisfaction and permitted the bearers to proceed. Being brought to his lodgings, the surgeons examined his wound, but there was no hope, the pain increased and he spoke with great difficulty. At intervals he spoke as if the French were beaten, and addressing his old friend Colonel Anderson, he said, "*You know that I always wished to die this way.*" Again he asked if the enemy were defeated, and, being told they were, observed, "*It is a great satisfaction to me to know we have beaten the French.*" His countenance continued firm and his thoughts clear; once only when he spoke of his mother, he became agitated, but he often inquired after the safety of his friends and the officers of his staff, and he did not, even in this moment, forget to recommend those whose merits had given them claims to promotion. His strength failed fast and life was just extinct, when, with an unsubdued spirit, as if anticipating the baseness of his posthumous calumniators, he exclaimed, "*I hope the people of England will be satisfied! I hope my country will do me justice!*" In a few minutes afterwards he died, and his corpse, wrapped in a military cloak, was interred by the officers of his staff in the citadel of Corunna. The guns of the enemy paid his funeral honors, and Soult, with a noble feeling of respect for his valor, raised a monument to his memory.

Thus ended the career of Sir John Moore, a man whose uncommon capacity was sustained by the purest virtue, and governed by a disinterested patriotism more in keeping with the primitive than the luxurious age of a great nation. His tall, graceful person, his dark, searching eyes, strongly defined forehead and singularly expressive mouth indicated a noble disposition and a refined understanding, while the lofty sentiments of honor habitual to his mind, being adorned by a subtle playful wit, gave him in conversation an ascendancy that he always preserved by the decisive vigor of his actions. He maintained the right with a vehemence bordering upon fierceness and every important transaction in which he was engaged increased his reputation for talent, and confirmed his character as a stern enemy to vice, a steadfast friend to merit, a just and faithful servant of his country. The honest loved him, the dishonest feared him, for while he lived he did not shun but scorned and spurned the base, and, with characteristic propriety, they spurned at him when he was dead.

A soldier from his earliest youth, Moore thirsted for the honors of his profession; and feeling that he was worthy to lead a British army, hailed the fortune that placed him at the head of the troops, destined for Spain. As the stream of time passed on, the inspiring hopes of triumph disappeared, but the austerer glory of suffering remained, and with a firm heart he accepted that gift of a severe fate. Confiding in the strength of his genius, he disregarded the clamors of presumptuous ignorance, and opposing sound military views to the foolish projects so insolently thrust upon him by he Ambassador, he conducted his long and arduous retreat with sagacity, intelligence and fortitude. No insult disturbed—no falsehood deceived him—no remonstrance shook his determination: fortune frowned without subduing his constancy: death struck, but the spirit of the man remained unbroken, when his shattered body scarcely afforded it a habitation. Having done all that was just towards others, he remembered what was due to himself. Neither the shock of the mortal blow, nor the lingering hours of acute pain which preceded his dissolution, could quell the pride of his gallant heart or lower the dignified feeling with which, conscious of merit, he at the last moment asserted his right to the gratitude of the country he had served so truly.

If glory be a distinction, for such a man death is not a leveler!—*Napier.*

MEMBERS OF THE GENERAL CONVENTION.

The clerical and lay members of the General Convention, and clergymen visiting the city of New-York, are respectfully invited to record their names and places of residence, on their arrival in the city, in a register kept at the Church Depository, 28 Ann-street.

GENERAL THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.

The Stated Triennial Meeting of the Board of Trustees of the General Theological Seminary of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States, will be held in St. John's Chapel, in the city of New-York, on Tuesday, the 5th of October, at five o'clock, P. M.

Sept. 18, 1841. EDWARD Y. HIGBEE, Secretary.

EDUCATION AND MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

The Board of Managers of the Education and Missionary Society of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the Diocese of New-York, will hold stated meetings at the Sunday school room of St. John's Chapel, at half past seven o'clock, on the evening of Monday next, the 27th instant, and of Wednesday, the 6th of October next.

New-York, September 23d, 1841.

GENERAL THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.

The next session of this Seminary will commence on Monday the fourth day of October. The students and applicants for admission will assemble in the chapel at 12 o'clock on that day. The applicants for admission are requested to present their testimonials during the preceding week, or early on that day, to one of the professors. BIRD WILSON, Dean of the Faculty.

Seminary, September 20, 1841.

☞ BOARD OF MISSIONS.—The Triennial Meeting of the "Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America," will be held at St. John's Chapel, in the city of New-York, on Thursday, the 7th of October next, at 5 o'clock, P. M.

P. VAN PELT, Secretary.

PRIVATE TUITION AND PUBLIC SCHOOLS.—Mr. W. A. JONES begs leave to inform parents and guardians, that he intends devoting a few hours of every day to the private instructions of Pupils, separately or in classes, at their own residences, in the higher branches of a finished English Education, including History, Rhetoric, Moral Philosophy, and the Critical History of English Literature.

Mr. Jones will also devote a few hours of every week, (from 12 o'clock to 2 P. M. daily,) to the instruction of young ladies or gentlemen in Seminaries, in the same departments as those above enumerated.

Applications made by note or personally to Mr. Jones, directed 121 Fulton-street, or 133 Grand-street, where references and testimonials of the best character can be exhibited, will be promptly attended to. 44 2t.

ASSOCIATE ALUMNI.

The Triennial Meeting of the Associate alumni of the General Theological Seminary, will be held at St. Luke's Church, in the city of New-York, on Wednesday, October 6th, at half past 5 o'clock, P. M.

ANTHONY TEN BROECK, Rec. Sec.

September 25, 1841.

THEOLOGICAL LIBRARY AT AUCTION.—Thursday evening, October 7th, will be sold by ROYAL GURLEY, at the New-York Long Room, 169 Broadway, a large and beautiful collection of Theological Books from two private libraries, (one of them a clergyman's, deceased,) embracing many desirable works. Catalogues will be ready three days before the sale.

DR. HAWKS' NEW WORK.

IN PRESS, and will be ready for delivery in the course of next week, "The Constitution and Canons of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States." By Francis L. Hawks, D D. In one volume, 12mo.

SWORDS, STANFORD & Co., 152 Broadway.

New-York, October 2, 1841.

ARCTURUS, No. XI., for October.

CONTENTS.

I. The Career of Puffer Hopkins. Chapter IX. An Entertainment at Mr. Fishblatt's. Chapter X. Hobbleshank at his Lodgings.
II. The Prospects of the American Stage.
III. A few Homeric Nods in Mr. Hallam.
IV. Mesmerism.
V. The Remains of Winslow; Edited by Bp. Doane.
VI. Sentiment and Satire.
VII. The Wants of Man; by John Q. Adams.
VIII. The Fine Arts. The Park Theatre. The Late John Barnes.
IX. The Loiterer.
Review of Ware's Julian, or Scenes in Judea.
Bulwer's Miscellaneous Writings,
Catalogues of Books. Poem by Longfellow, &c., &c.

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FAMILY PRAYERS.—Just published and for sale by SWORDS, STANFORD & Co., 152 Broadway, a new and enlarged edition of the Rev. Dr Berrian's *Manual of Family and Private Prayers.* Price 50 cents.

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The Church Record.

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